

THE HOME, ITS PROBLEMS AND INTERESTS

The Pathetic Plain Girl.

Her Need of Charm in Her Duel With Fate.

"How charming you are!" he exclaimed, in a fervor of adoring love.

"I have to be charming," was her reply, "because I'm so plain."

This same young woman used to say frankly that a bad temper and selfishness were two luxuries that no girl who wasn't a beauty could afford to treat herself to. Everything—even downright unamiability and impudence—were forgiven to the girl with an angel's face, but such things were intolerable in the ordinary girl.

And untidiness—that another unforgivable crime in the girl whose features are not cut just right, and whose complexion isn't up to the mark, or her figure what it should be, was another of her personal convictions. "The beauty can go round with wisps of hair hanging on her neck and blowing tendrils blowing into her eyes, with her shoestrings trailing on the pavement and her dress frayed around the edges, and never be criticised for it. People will call her 'so unconventional' and 'so delightfully free and easy' and 'just the most artistic person you ever saw.' Men will tie up her shoelaces for her and stoop in the middle of a walk or a hand of bridge for her to patch up her hair, and consider themselves blessed to be given the chance. But let the plain girl try it on—let the girl whom no man looks at twice go around looking like that, and see if she doesn't catch it! There is no charm or glamour about untidiness when it is practiced by an unprepossessing girl, let me tell you!"

Two Misleading Proverbs.

There used to be two old proverbs that were made to do duty whether a girl was pretty or plain. Sometimes her elders reminded her that "Beauty is deceitful and favor is vain," and if she was good looking this was supposed to tone down her satisfaction, and if she was plain the proverb was supposed to encourage her. Sometimes the mothers and aunts and elderly friends changed their remark to run, "Beauty is only skin deep." This always made the homely girl "mad," if she had any proper spirit in her, for, of course, being a woman, she knew well enough that a dimple in the chin or a pair of fine eyes would be worth more to her in her duel with fate than any intellectual gifts or spiritual graces she could acquire. Skin deep though it might be, she would have liked a little beauty, and not unnaturally she looked upon herself as badly treated.

Over in London, where they discuss all sorts of subjects in their papers, even when it is not their "fashionable" they have been discussing a topic which grows out of the general subject of good looks and their value to women. "The Lady's Pictorial," in an editorial entitled "Gargoyles and Gargoyles," says:

"Just recently there has been much discussion over the subject of good-looking nurses for the sick, and while on the one hand it has been argued that a very pretty sicknurse is not desirable in a house, there has been abundant testimony on the other side that invalids prefer to have a pretty woman in attendance on them and are all the better for looking upon what is sweet and pleasant in their hours of suffering. It is to be feared that it is the good-looking ones who best succeed in their profession, since they frequently marry either grateful patients or susceptible doctors, and this being so, it is impossible to hide the painful fact that many most excellent and charming women, for no other fault than that Providence has not bestowed good looks upon them, are doomed to the drudgery and loneliness and dreariness that others never know who start with, perhaps, fewer qualifications, but fairer faces."

Pathos in Plainness.

"None save the sufferers themselves ever, perhaps, know what pathos there can be in plainness; they make the best of the inevitable, they assume a cheerfulness and make a pretence of indifference to beauty which, at least, shields them from continual pity, but who knows but themselves how they long to have had but a small share of the beauty so generously showered on another and how cruelly they feel the helplessness of their position when they are pushed aside for their sisters who are more richly dowered, so far as beauty is concerned."

"No woman, however cheery and sweet and unselfish she may be, would not rather have had good looks, had she had her choice. Beauty seems to be a right which every woman feels nature has no business to withhold from her, because, perhaps, with Brunyere, she finds how much art, good nature, indulgence, how many good offices and civilities are required among friends to accomplish in some years what a lovely face does in a moment. Yet, withal, who shall say that while plainness has its pathetic and its tragic side, it has not also its compensations. After all, when a plain woman is loved, she knows that it is for herself alone, and that a woman

who has never been pretty has never been young is certainly not the truth, for the merriest and brightest aunts in the world, those beloved fairy godmothers who are the friends of all the boys and the confidantes of the girls, the readiest to organize jaunts and festivities, are seldom the beauties of a family. To them almost perpetual youth is given, for they are always beloved, the idols, the companions of the young, and time presses ever so lightly upon their gentle hearts."

Her Compensations.

"It would be easy, of course, to preach a hundred sermons on the reasons why the plain woman usually has the best disposition and finest qualities, but the easiest explanation is found in Nature's eternal law of compensation. Wherever she withholds she gives lavishly in another way, and if a plain woman does not have full measure of love from those about her it may be regarded as certain that she would not have had even as much had she had beauty. Was it not Thackeray who declared that any woman without an absolute hump could marry whom she liked if she but exercised her power? And it is the plain woman's power of fascinating, despite her physical shortcomings, that is one of her greatest compensations. But every woman, whether nature has been kind or unkind to her in the matter of features and complexion, has a perfect right to desire beauty, just as every woman owes it to herself and to others to cultivate it. It is taught to every Japanese girl from her cradle to make the best of herself. In Japan it is not recognized that a woman can be ugly, unless she so makes herself, and it is perfectly true that no woman need be wholly plain. In all things that live," said Ruskin, "there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life but sources of beauty. These must be discovered and cultivated, and the woman who cannot and will not do so has neither done justice to herself, to her sex, nor to the world at large."

If beauty were the sole qualification that enabled a woman to acquire a husband and to live on her own, the lot of homely women would indeed be cruel. A glance at all the pretty old maids and all the plain married women ought to be enough to convince anyone that this is not true. One frequently sees handsome girls who are neglected socially and who die unmarried.

Certainly other elements enter into the problem besides beauty. Beautiful women, beautiful fashionable girls and women—they are not any more certain to marry than the other kind, unless their beauty has that indefinable quality, charm.



Shown here is a chic dishabille for morning wear, consisting of dressing sack and petticoat made of white India linen, trimmed with heavy embroidery. A lace scarf drapes the low-cut neck and falls down the front.

CLASSIC LOVE LETTERS OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN

XXVIII.

HUGH MILLER TO LYDIA MACKENZIE FRASER.

Lydia Mackenzie Fraser, though but nineteen years old when she met Hugh Miller, yet was attracted to him by his rich store of knowledge, appreciating his fine mind. He being of humble origin, the friendship which deepened into love was not fostered by Miss Fraser's parents. Later, however, he became a geologist and Scotland, having reason to be proud of this son, the Frasers were doubtless unashamed of him. The two were married in 1837. In 1840 Miller became editor of the "Edinburgh Witness," and in 1854 he shot himself in a fit of insanity, caused by excessive brain work.

I am afraid you are still unwell. Your window was shut until this morning, and as I saw no light from it last evening, I must conclude you went to bed early. How very inefficient, my Lydia, are the friendships of this earth! I cannot regulate your pulses, nor dissipate your pains, nor give elasticity to your spirits; but I can implore on your behalf the great Being who can.

My mother, as you are aware, has a very small garden behind her house. Some eight years ago I intended building a small house for myself in this garden. I was to cover it outside with ivy and to line it inside with books; and here was I to read and write and think all my life long—not altogether so independent of the world as Diogenes in his tub, or the savage in the recess of the forest, but quite as much as is possible for man in his social state. Here was I to attain wealth, not by increasing my goods, but by moderating my desires. Of the thirst after wealth, I had none. I could live on half a crown per week and be content; nor yet was I desirous of power—I sought not to be any man's master, and I had spirit enough to preserve me from being any man's slave.

Love, I could have nothing to fear from. I knew myself to be naturally of a cool temperament; and then, were not my attachments to my friends so many safety valves! Besides, no woman of taste could ever love me.

No, no, I had nothing to fear from love. My dear Lydia, only see how much good philosophy you have spoiled. I am not now indifferent to wealth or power or place in the world's eye. I would fain be rich, that I might render you comfortable; powerful that I might raise you to those high places of society which you are so fitted to adorn; celebrated, that the world might justify your choice. I never think now of building the little house, or of being the happiest in solitude; and if my life is to be one of celibacy, it must be one of sorrow also—of heart-wasting sorrow for—but I must not think of that.

THE ART OF TRAVELING

Fatigue May Be Avoided by Wearing Proper Garments While on the Train.

When will women learn the art of traveling? A few minutes spent in any railroad terminus will prove what denigrates the frigid sex in this line.

In nine cases out of ten they are overdressed. The woman who knows how to travel never arrays herself in long-train gowns and high-heeled, tight-fitting boots. There are places these things are suitable for, but railroad cars are not one of them.

The woman who intends taking a trip, whether it be a six-hour or a twenty-four-hour one, should provide herself with an ankle-length walking suit. This will insure freedom of movement in getting on or off cars. And, to one who travels, she will know how much this means.

Her next purchase should be an easy-fitting pair of boots or oxford ties, if the weather is warm. This is one item in which it is not worth while to practice economy. An uncomfortable shoe will cause fatigue quicker than anything else, so it is well to avoid them when traveling.

A shirtwaist of dark silk, or a white one, if not too elaborate, is the best to wear under your suit. Choose a hat that is simple, rather than much-trimmed; but have it as smart-looking as you winings.

Ready for the Journey.

Add to this your valise or a dress-suit case, which will carry all the ordinary woman requires for a twenty-four-hour trip, and your umbrella, and you are ready to start.

Many of us have seen the woman who boards the train in a dress that suggests a ten or a luncheon, and have heard the many comments her attire has called forth. To avoid this criticism, let us imitate the woman who is able to swing along in her short-skirted suit, ready for any emergency.

As comfortable as there is no reason why any woman should be fatigued at the end of a trip. Modern trains are daily hotels on wheels, and if one will avail oneself of the comforts on them one can rest as easily as in any hotel. The woman who travels but little is the one who forgets to take advantage of what she pays for in the purchase price of her ticket. She it is who takes a twenty-four-hour trip as a great event.

She worries herself before starting about what she will take, what she will wear, and the probable changes of cars she may have to make.

The result is that she is tired before she starts, and, once started, is too listless and indifferent to enjoy the trip. Now, this is a serious mistake, for traveling has become such an easy and simplified matter that no one has need to worry about details that never burden her.

self with unnecessary baggage; it will be in her way and everybody's else; and it calls for constant tips, as it has to be carried to and fro.

What to Put in the Dress Suit Case.

A change of shirtwaists, an extra pair of stockings, a pair of easy slippers, some underwear, a negligee, and a few toilet necessities are about all a healthy woman requires. As to the toilet requisites, a sensible woman never strains her wits carrying about silver-mounted receptacles. The proper place for these is on the dressing table, not in one's valise. A comb and brush, a wash-rag, and a rubber sponge and a rubber bag to put them in, a toothbrush, powder, and a box of cold cream, a cake of soap, and a shell case for it, are all a woman needs to keep a well-groomed appearance when traveling.

Never give yourself unnecessary thought about the possible changes of cars you may make. You pay for your trip when you purchase your ticket, and it is the business of the railroad officials to see that you arrive at your destination in time. You are given the right to the proper place for these things, and you are given the correct information as to the proper place to make them.

Women who travel without knowing the right way to do waste more money than they need. There are women who will board an accommodation train (knowing that it will stop at every small station on the way) when they could just as readily board an express or a limited, making much better time, and having a far pleasanter trip.

On the Train.

Once on the train, place your baggage on the brass rack over your head and make yourself comfortable. The porter will always bring pillows for the asking. These can be placed on the seat, and one can rest very easily by removing the walking boots and putting on a pair of slippers. The feet can then be propped on the opposite seat, making a very restful position.

Anything within reason that one may want can always be readily procured by pressing the electric button at the side of your seat. And remember, whatever else you may do, do not doze off, or sleep while traveling. For in no other way can you guard against fatigue.

Go into the dining-car and get your three hot meals. You need nourishment on the cars just as much as in your home.

Use your berth as you would a bed in a hotel, and get the benefit of what you are paying for. Don't expect you will rest easily if you attempt to sleep with strings around your waist and skirts around your feet.

If you feel that your fear of being caught in an accident prevents your undressing and donning a nightgown, then have a loose robe of some dark, soft material, and, after removing all one's clothes put this on in place of a nightgown.

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Vacation time will soon be here. You'll need a light-weight, cool-looking suit. Here's one of Plain White India Linen, waist and skirt nicely tucked, in sizes 34 to 44.

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It's an offering of excellent Hose for Women and Misses, in exactly the weights and color that are wanted now.

Fine Black Dropstitch Hose, double heel and toe; warranted fast color; black; 15c value. Special..... 10c

Women's Fine Black Maco Cotton Hose, high spliced heel and double toe; warranted fast color; 25c value. Special for one day..... 21c

Women's Fine Black Maco Cotton Hose, high spliced heel and double toe; warranted fast color; 50c value. Special..... 29c

Women's Fine Gossamer Lisle Hose, in tan and black; high spliced heel and toe; warranted fast color. Special..... 50c

\$2.95 for Children's \$4.98 Tan Pongee Coats.

Just a timely suggestion for the little tots' going-away coat. These are in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14.

Comfort Is Found in Accurately Patterned Corsets.

The models carried here contain an element of style and ease which have made them famous.

C. B. Corset, made of batiste, low bust; long, full hip. Regular \$1.75c value. Special..... \$1.00

Corsets, made of batiste, low bust, short hip. Regular \$1.49c value. Special..... 75c

R. & G. Corsets, made of batiste, low bust, short hip. Tabs for garters; sizes 18, 19, and 20. Regular \$1.50 values. Special..... 79c

Nemo Corset, made of batiste, low bust; long, full hip. Regular \$1.00 value. Special..... 49c

Girdle, made of tape, boned with non-rustable steel. Special..... 49c

Thomson's Glove-fitting Corsets, made of batiste; low bust; 1.00 value. Special..... 1.00

500 Plain and Fancy Shell Combs, 10c.

A new lot of Plain and Fancy Shell Combs, in a great many different shapes. When you see them you'll wonder how we can possibly sell them under 25c—their real worth.

The Jewelry section is stocked to overflowing with summer novelties. These:

Hard Enamel Collar and Stock Pins; in dainty colors. Reg. 10c value. Special..... 5c

Solid Pearl-head Hat Pins; plain and fancy. Regular price, 25c value. Special..... 12c

Cut Sterling Silver-head Hat Pins. Regular price, 25c value. Special..... 12c

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You cannot save money more easily than by giving close attention to your teeth. We're open Sundays until 1 p. m.

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C-O-K-E Is the most satisfactory and economical fuel for summer cooking. It has superseded coal. Tests have proven it to be equal to coal, and in some instances better than it for cooking. Then, too, it costs only a fraction of the cost of coal. 25 Bushels Large Coke, delivered.....\$2.50 30 Bushels Large Coke, delivered.....\$3.75 35 Bushels Large Coke, delivered.....\$5.00 25 Bushels Crushed Coke, delivered.....\$2.50 30 Bushels Crushed Coke, delivered.....\$3.75 35 Bushels Crushed Coke, delivered.....\$5.00 Washington Gaslight Co. 413 10th St. N. W.

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DOWER AND \$500 FOR NELLIE BLY

Will of Her Husband, Robert Seaman, Leaves Large Estate to Various Beneficiaries.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Nellie Bly, as she was known before she became Mrs. Robert Seaman, gets only \$500 and her dower right in the estate of her husband, who died on March 11 last, according to his will, which was filed for probate yesterday.

Robert Seaman, who had attained a considerable age, was heavily interested in the Iron Clad Manufacturing Company. He made a will on Christmas Day, 1895, appointing David D. Otis and George C. Jewett as his executors.

To Sarah Fawcett, a member of his household, he left \$20,000 to four employees of the Iron Clad Company 250 shares each of the concern's stock, to Esther A. Savage and Ernestine Sanderson \$15,000 each, to Joseph Burke, of Baltimore, and Henry Hanson, of Catskill, \$5,000 each, and to Arlie and Nellie Young \$10,000 each.

He divided his residuary estate among his brother, Edward Seaman, who has since died; a nephew, William H. Seaman, and two nieces, Elizabeth S. Johns, and Emma S. Bennett.

ATTEMPTED TRAGEDY, BUT COMEDY RESULTS

Actress Attempts Suicide, But Is Saved in Circumstances Bordering on Ridiculous.

PARIS, June 17.—The extraordinary sight was witnessed yesterday of a woman hanging out of the window of the police station in the Gallion quarter of Paris, while a magistrate and a police inspector held on to her skirts like grim death, to prevent her falling into the street, thirty feet below.

A large crowd gathered, and amid their cheers a ladder was placed against the wall of the house and the woman safely brought to the ground.

She is a young music hall artist, whose chief asset is her beauty. Earlier in the day she was driving out when she met her sweetheart escorting one of her women friends.

Jumping from her brougham, she attacked the woman with her hatpin with true Parisian vigor. A policeman intervened, and she was taken to the police station, where, left alone for a few moments, she tried to commit suicide by jumping out of the window.

The inspector and magistrate arrived just in time to prevent her falling.

PRINCE SAILS FOR FRANCE.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Prince Pu Lun, Chinese commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition, sailed on La Gascogne, of the French line.

ICED TEA.

Prepare the tea in the morning, using either green or black tea, although a mixture of the two is preferable. Make the tea a little stronger than usual, strain into a clean stone jug or a glass bottle, and set it aside in the ice chest until ready to use. Serve in high goblets or glasses with cracked ice and thin slices of lemon. As some people prefer tea without sugar, the sugar may be handed separately.

QUILT MAP OF A STATE.

A map of the State of Arkansas, worked in the form of a silk quilt, is exhibited in the Arkansas Building at the World's Fair. This unique piece of work was executed by Amanda Stephens, an Arkansas woman, seventy-five years old. The map is absolutely correct as to scale, and shows all the railroads, rivers and county seats worked out in the various colors.

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